

# Al Stewart, The Loneliest Place On The Map

This place is so far away  
From what passes for civilized life  
No shops and no cars and no city lights  
Just a river of stars  
Over the southernmost ocean so cold  
A small group of rocks, seagulls and ice  
Some ramshackle huts  
A paper in french from long ago  
A finger that juts out into the foam  
No boats come this way  
A few expeditions that pass now and then  
They'll be back someday  
But I don't know when  
It's the loneliest place on the map  
Night time is utterly black  
I came here by some grave mishap  
And I can't find my way back  
It's all as remote  
As the wintry smile that you gave  
As you buttoned your coat  
And love was erased  
So this is goodbye  
I see you silently rowing away  
The desolate sky threatening rain  
It's the loneliest place on the map  
Night time is utterly black  
I came here by some grave mishap  
And I can't find my way back